

A  
M I R R O R  
FOR A  
MOCK-PATRIOT:

OR, THE  
*Cork Surgeon* DISPLAY'D;

In a LETTER to Himself.

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TONY of CORK, *be not so bold,*  
*For DICKEN, thy Master, is bought and sold.*

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By A. FREEMAN, *Barber and Citixen of* DUBLIN.

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NUMBER I.

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M I L O R

FOR A

MOCK-PATRIOT

OF THE

CONSTITUTIONAL

IN A LETTER TO



BY

J. H. B. R. I.

1841

Printed by

JOHN W. P. R. I.

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FOR A

*Mock-Patriot, &c.*

DEAR DOCTOR,

I SHOULD call you, as usual, *Dick*, but fear it would offend your Modesty; and discover to the World, what you yet have the *Grace* to conceal, your real Name.

I HAVE often hear'd of *pretended Patriot's* changing Sides for *Preferment* to *profitable Places*, or the insignificant Addition of *Tinsel-Titles* of invisible and unknown *Honour*: I have also hear'd of some *Gentlemen's* changing their Names for an Estate. But, you scorn to be confin'd to vulgar Motives, Rules, or Reasons: You have, not only, changed, but run *retrograde* to the Principles, on which you set out some years ago; and, as a Man, that bears a Stench about him, is the last that perceives it; so you did not perceive, that the World saw through your palpable *Chicanery*; and the better to compleat your *good Purposes*, have now assumed the Name and respected Profession of the *learned* and *ingenious* DOCTOR ANTHONY LITTEN of *Cork*, who by serving as *Footman* to that great *State-Doctor* of *honourable Memory*, in the JOURNAL of the HOUSE of COMMONS in the Year 1716, the late Sir *Richard Cox*, Bart. and Lord Chief Justice and Privy Counsellor to QUEEN ANNE, has inherited some of the *good Talents*, and adopted the *pure Policy* of his *Master*, or suspected *Father*, or *Grand-father*, and by marrying a *Barber's* Daughter in *Cork*, became first, a *Quack*, and now, turns out a *political Surgeon*.

It is doubted by some, my old Friend *Dick*, whether you really chose to lye couch'd under this *little Surgeon's* Name and Profession, or whether you did not really change your Name for one more expressive of your present Profession. A learned Linguist of my Acquaintance, is of the latter Opinion; and says you derive the Name of LITTEN from the *Chi-*



~~nese~~, **WNGRLY TENZI**, which in our Idiom is wrote *Lytten*, or *Litten*, and which, being interpreted, signifies, a *Chamelion*, a most extraordinary little Animal of the *Lizard* kind, by some thought to be *amphibious*. It is a *Quadruped*, with a scaly Skin, which cannot be said to have any proper Colour; but always derives the Complexion it wears, from the predominant Colour in the Place in which it stands. For instance; in a Crowd of *mixt Colours*, it is *pale* and *fallow*, but *changeable*; in the *Treasury*, it would appear *yellow*, with *livid Specks*; in the Woods and Fields it changes to the Colour of the verdant or withered Leaves, at all Seasons, and so, is frequently over-looked by it's Enemies, that would otherwise be apt to devour it. At the *Barrack-Board* it would be *red*; at the *Charter-School Board*, *black*, and at the *Linen-Board*, *Ash-coloured*, &c. Before the tremendous Gloom of our modern *Pirate Black-Beard's* Face, it puts on a mixture of a dark *Lead-colour* and *Gall*; and before a *true* and *powerful Patriot*, it instantly assumes a pure *white*. It can turn it's Eyes into all and opposite Directions. It has a long, pliant and voluble Tongue of a *Spiral Form*, with which it licks up it's Prey, so suddenly and secretly, that it is generally imperceptible, and is therefore reputed to live on Air. It's fore and hind Feet are fashion'd exactly alike, and it can with equal Ease and Alacrity pass backwards, as forwards. It is also armed with a long pliant Tail, with which it can grasp any thing, that comes within it's Compass, as well, as with his grappling Feet. From this we agreed, you justly took your expressive Name of *Litten*. But, an old *Irishman*, one *Mac Cruitin*, who calls himself a *Milesian*, and wrote a *Brief Vindication of the Antiquity of IRELAND*, in Opposition to the History of this Country attempted, in the abundant Malevolence of his Heart, by one of the *false Counsellors* and *infamous Judges* of *Queen ANNE*; positively insists, the Name *Litten*, is derived, either from an Animal well-known in this Country, which dare oppose none of it's Species, unless at a disadvantage, and cringes and creeps under the Wings of those, that have drubbed it most; I think he called it, *KELLITEEN*, which in our Language implies, a *dastard*, or a *Dung-hill Cock*, or *Cocks*; or, from *DALI-TEEN*, a *Garson in French*, as much as to say, a little *mercenary Hirdling*, that Rants and Prates, and Bullies and Dances to get it self taken Notice of; and then for a little Hire, or a Promise, will fetch and carry, leap over a Stick, turn a Spit, lick a Spittle, or if conveniently, would steal, rob, or cut a Throat.

BUT,



BUT, by examining your Conduct slightly, we shall soon be able to find, which Name suits best the Character, in which you have lately chose to appear.

IT is well known, that you have been brought into Business of late. It would have been an honour to you, had you been called into Consultation, with the many eminent *Artists*, that were sometimes called together to consult upon the Health of a certain great *Personage*, that shall at present be nameless; who has long laboured under many foul and consuming *Diseases*. But, the Manner, in which you introduced your self, was so low, and so mean, that it is not well to be to be repeated. What could be more scandalous, than when a *Gentleman*, at the head of the *Profession* trusted you with his *Business*, in his Absence, you should worm your self into his Place, and pack up ninety-three false *Vouchers*, for you, against his Interest, in one Day? Was not this the basest Treachery *Doctor Dick*? But, when you called these People together, by their prostituted and polluted *Breaths*, to sound your Praise, and raise you to the Rank you lately enjoyed, why did not you pay your *Hirelings* their stipulated *Wages*? Why did not you pay the poor *Inn-keeper*, where you entertained your *Patients* and your *Votaries*, and prevent his wretched Children begging their Bread, for want of the *Money*, their credulous mistaken *Father* laid out on you? Then, how did you behave to the Head of the *Faculty*, after he forgave your first *Indignity*? Did not you promise and swear, you would never more attempt to supplant his Interest, in any Instance, but that you would, to make some attonement for your first open *Perfidy*, obey his *Dictates in all things*? How often since, have you play'd *Cat in Pan* with him? How have you bullied, blustered, swore and lied against him? And how soon after did you cringe and fawn and beg and beseech, most abjectly to be re-admitted to Favour? Has not the great *Man*, to shew his Contempt of you, let you come about his House, and sometimes get a Dinner at his Table, as one of our King's made a Rebel and a Pretender to his Throne, a Skulion in his Kitchen? And whither are you now driving? Ah! *Tony! Tony!* I mean, *Dick! Dick!* what would you be at? What will become of you?—You at first pretended to pay strict Regard to the *Rules of the Profession*, as they were laid down, by *Hampden, Pym, Molyneaux, Sheppen, Onslow* and other great Surgeons. But, of late, you have made a jest of the *Profession* itself! You have set all at nought! You say, “*You cannot live by it.*” And “*That you will not mind the Health of any Patient, that does not maintain you!*” O! why did you enter into the *Profession*? Why did you undertake

dertake the Care of the Sick? And now desert *him* in the time of Need! — This it is, that has provoked me, once your *Companion*, your *Admirer*, your *Friend*, thus to hold a *Glass* to you; in which you may view your *frightful Shape*, from *Head* to *Foot*. I shall now critically scan over your *Conduct*, and shall never cease laying on you such *Marks*, as must render you detestable to all your Profession, nay, to all Mankind, till you grow honest and amend. All this you have brought upon yourself: For while you kept up to the *Rules* of your *Profession*, while you honestly prescribed *free Air*, *wholesome Diet*, and *healing Medicines*, to the great *Personage*, on whose *Health* you got your self called to *consult*, with all the *chief Men* of the *Mystery*, once in *two* or *three Years*, for some *Years* past; no Man admired, no Man loved, no Man revered you, more than I. But, since you have lately given, not only the *head Men* of the *Profession*, but all the *World*, room to suspect you a *Changeling* and an *Hireling*, and since your late *Conduct* proves, that, when you appeared most *violent*, when you shook the *Consultation Room* in contending for the *Ease*, *Health* and *Happiness* of your *Patient*, you were but preparing, by gaining the *Confidence* of him and his *true Friends*, to *rob* and *plunder* him and his *legitimate Heirs*. And, since your late *disguised Writings* prove you, what every Body, for some *past Consultations*, suspected you, a *Prostitute*, ready and willing to *sell* your *Patient*, your *Country*, your *KING*, or your *GOD*, for *Mammon*: I think I cannot do the Public a greater Service, than to set such a *Mark* upon you, that all the *World* shall know you to be — *yourself*, Sir *Anthony Litten*, *Baronet*, who, by *Fraud* and *Treachery*, got himself appointed one of the political *Barbers* and *Surgeons* to a certain *considerable sickly Personage*, who is now, partly, by his *evil* and *corrupt Practices* rendered almost *Incurable*.

You have long wanted an Opportunity of ingratiating yourself thoroughly, with the *Chief* of the *Mystery* of *political Barbi-tonsure* and *Surgery*. You had for some time only an Opportunity of vying with some *Underlings* of your own *Cast*, who *out-did* you in all your *low Arts*, and therefore, were *better paid*, to your great *Mortification*. See that among all the *hireling Throng*, not one but you, except the *celebrated*, the *unanswerable Philipic Orator*, has dared, even under a *Mask*, to stand forth to abuse their *great Patient*, to vilify and oppose his tenderest, most careful and watchful *Nurse-Keepers*! None was so hardened in *Slavery* and *Corruption*, as to run retrograde to all the Principles of Reason,

of

of Truth, of Justice, of Law, of the *sacred Profession*, but you. And this to ingratiate your self with the *Common Prostitutes*, that first *infected*, and daily bring *new Infection* to, your *Great Patient*; to increase your *undeserved Fees*, which are more properly, *Bribes*; Or, in hopes, that he may die, *suddenly* and *intested*, under your perfidious Hands, that you may be able to divide the Spoils of the poor *Patient*, or rather, helpless *Sufferer*, between yourself and the rest of the *Mercenaries*, who stand impatiently gaping for the *last Agonies* and *Convulsions*!

COME on then my *most noble*, my *most matchless Doctor* of the *new Mystery*, *Great and Mighty Chevalier* of *Blarney*; let me see how you *fit* for your *Picture*, and how you can bear to see yourself *naked* in this *true Mirror*.

I SHALL now, for a while quit your *public, political Surgery* to take a view of your inimitable *Writings*, which, we may presume, to be the *Theory* of your *Art*, or intended as a *preparatory* to your *future Practice*, if you should be again called to the *great Patient*, this Winter.

YOU were not contented with finding most of the *Consultation* brought to comply with, and out-do you in, your *Measures*, but you would not have any *extern* presume to give your *famishing, gasping Patient* a bit of *Bread*, or a draught of *Water*, though to save his *expiring Life*! To be sure, he must not be *saved* out of the *Rules* of the *Mystery*: — By them, he must *live*, or *die*. Therefore, your *Choler*, great Sir, is raised, because any of the *poor Children*, of this *languishing Patient* of yours, should tell you, who had *defrauded, robbed, wounded, or poisoned their Father*, or was now *preparing* to do so! But, what provokes your *chirurgical Indignation* is, that your *Master*, or *Grand-father*, for who can tell, which he was? Had been openly employed, as one of the *Affassins* of this *great Patient* in the Years 1710, —11, —12, —13 and —14. As you have, no Doubt, often read before now in the *JOURNALS* of the *Consultation*; to which I beg leave to refer you.

Now, my old Friend *Dick*, DOCTOR ANTHONY, I should have said; do not suspect, that I rise like you, *begotted* and *bloated* with the Spirit of *Party* and *Faction*, revengeful for any *Injury*, or *Injustice* done, or offered to the *Person*, or *Memory* of my *Master*, or any *Ancestor*, or *Friend* of mine, either living or dead; or, from any sort of *Selfish View*; for, I love but few, and they are out of your Reach, and I fear none. So that a pure Regard to Justice, to the bringing Truth to Light, to stripping the *Sheep's cloathing* off the *Wolf*,



*Wolf*, or the *Fox*, to exposing the false, inveigling Cries of the *Hyæna*, to defend the innocent and oppressed from the open, or masked Attacks of their Enemies, and to detect the subtil Wiles and Machinations of those most pernicious *Mercenaries*, *Mock-Patriots*, I stand forth to hold a *Glass* to the most shameless and infamous of that infernal Class.

DON'T think, DOCTOR ANTHONY, that I thus enter the Lists against you, to defend the CENSOR, or the *little, vile Apothecary*, as you are pleased to call him, that exposed your *Matchless Master*, or *Parent*, for which you daily in your *Cups* and in your *Bleach-Yard*, are pleased to denounce the most furious *Threats* and bloody *Vengeance* against him or them. No; however I may love the Principles and applaud the Writings of both, I shall not enter into their Quarrel; but, as I know you longer and better, than they do, I will *stick* tightly to your *Skirts*; I will *haunt thee* with the hideous Phantom of — *thy naked self*, not less terrible and hateful, than that of thy *goodly Master*, or *grand-Sire*; till you reform that profligate Heart, or till I find out fit Means to prevent your further annoying, by imposing upon, the Public.

LET the CENSOR then, prove his Allegations against the late Sir *Richard Cox*, as he pleases, and do you abuse *him* and *Lucas*, one for the other and one in the other, as the utmost Bitterness of your rancorous Heart can prompt; threaten to *assassinate* either or both of them by *Steel*, or *poison*; I shall not insult them so far, as to intrude myself into the Quarrel: They want no *puny Champions* like you, or me. But, let you and I try, a Tug or two, *entre Nous*, you for your Cause, *Disimulation*, *Falshood* and *Slavery*, and I for mine, PLAIN-DEALING, TRUTH and LIBERTY.

Now, compare your *Bombast* and *Fustian Panegyric*, on the late Sir *Richard Cox*, in your *Letter to your Friend in Dublin*, as well the *Manuscript*, sent by Post, as that you had printed, to the following *Test*: You say, “the *honourable Person* for whom you write; if he did *ill*, did it *privately*.” I wish you could still have said so much for yourself; though indeed, you may, and with equal Truth: “That he maintained a most *amiable Character*;” “And that time was, when every Inhabitant of *Dublin* would stand forth to vindicate him against the CENSOR,” — “his only defamer.” Yes; when a present zealous, *Whig Dignitary* in the *Church*, wrote a LONG HISTORY of a *short Session* of PARLIAMENT; when he and the rest of his *pampered Brethren*, by their scribbling and preaching, made the *deluded Populace* imagine, that their Religion was struck at, by the  
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*Hanover Succession*, and those, that would have promoted it; then *Cox* and his *Masters* and *Adherents* had the *Ascendant* at *Court*, as well, as among the *Mob*: You say, “*he bore the highest Offices of the State with Honour, and carried Marks of the Esteem and Regard of the several Princes he served.*” Perhaps you expect the same will be said of you also, because it may, with equal Truth and Justice.—If the late *Sir Richard Cox*, your *Master*, *Patron*, or *Parent*, was this great good *Man*, how came the late *KING*, that wise and just Prince, as you yourself, regardless as you are of Truth, are forced to confess, how come He, I say, to remove this *Judge*, with due Disgrace from the *high Offices* he possessed in the *Queen’s* Reign? And how come the *HOUSE of COMMONS* to pass and enter this Censure upon him, in their *Journal*, in the Year 1716.

RESOLVED, *That it is the Opinion of this Committee, that Sir Richard Cox, Knight, late Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, being a Member of the late Privy Council, and present when the Rolls and Evidences of the City were produced at the Council Board, and having the Perusal of those Rolls, wherein the Falsity of the Instances mentioned in the first Report of the late Judges did appear; that the said Sir Richard Cox, acted partially and corruptly in making the said Report, and thereby intended to impose upon her late Majesty, and is guilty of high Crimes and Misdemeanors.*

ARE you not a good Advocate for your *Patron*? Go on, expose him and yourself upon an higher *Gibbet*; it is the only Attonement and the best Service you can now render the long injured and abused Public.

Now, let thy *Polluted Blood* boil, till it bursts your hollow *Heart* and *Veins*, swell like an invenomed and enraged *Toad*, or like the *Frog* in the *Fable*, to the size of an *Ox*, in your own vain Imagination; but don’t suspect, that I will let you rise or seem to be the *tenth* of an *Inch* higher, nor an *hair’s breadth* better than you really are. And as, when you are left to yourself, in spite to your boasting, you fall short of *six Feet high*, as many Degrees, as you do of the Character of a *Patriot*, or a judicious and just *Surgeon*; so you must not think to impose upon us, any longer, by Reports of your Magnitude, or Rectitude.

So much for your *Letter*, my little *Doctor*; now for your first inimitable *Antidote*.

Now, you shall enjoy your flouncing at being a *Bandonian*, or a *Clonykiltcan* by Birth or by *Fraud* and *Perfidy*, as much,

as you please to glory in your Shame; but, when you pretend a Love for your *King and Country*, which by the by, wants Explanation; and when you openly attempt to discountenance Truth, your most dangerous Enemy; and to Subvert the Principles and Traces of Liberty, which alone can intitle you to a Share in the *Plunder* of your *Country*; I must beg leave, *Dear Anthony-Dick*, to pluck you by the Sleeve, or by the invisible *leading Strings*, that were put about your Neck by a certain *Duke*.

ONE point you have, I believe chanc'd to hit, though at Random; that CHARLES LUCAS the *little, dirty vile Apothecary*, to whose lot it falls, to be *hated* by *Slaves*, and *Slaves* to hate, and the CENSOR are, if not *one* and the *same* Person; yet, *so near each other*, that when you aim at *one*, if you hit him, *you can not miss the other*. They seem to think alike, to act alike, to write alike and to spell alike. And the former has often told us, that when any Subject is injured or oppressed, he feels the stroke. So, that it is probable, if you *bleed* the CENSOR to *Death*, *poison* him, or otherwise *assassinate* him, as you, like your self, valiantly threaten; LUCAS may, if not *actually*, yet *virtually*, or politically die of his Wounds. Go on then, *my Blarney Hero*, and kill *two Birds* with one Stone.

BUT, pray, *my good old Tony*, why are you so violently angry with this *Lucas* for cloaking his *real name* under a *Counterfeit*? have you not done the same, with your *Actions* all your Life, till lately? And, do you not now hold up a little Mask, that hides only the Face of your Name, and leaves your Heart, Body, and Appendages, to your great Disappointment and Shame, quite uncovered? If you have the *sole right* to *Counterfeit*, prosecute him. I commend you for it, let no Man be as hateful, as *your self*.

THAT you can keep, in no Point, within the stated Rules; or Bounds of Truth, I have long known. But, where your Views were no less than to undo a Man's Credit, you ought to have proved your Assertions. Do you imagine, *dear Dick*, that your Word will pass in *Dublin*, as it formerly did, about *Cork*, *Bandon*, or *Clonikilty*, before your Intentions were discovered? Had you not lost all Sense of Shame and Modesty, with that of Truth, you would not have insinuated, what your own *malevolent Heart* can not point out, or even suggest; *Insults* offered the KING, in *Lucas's Dedication*; than which, you never saw a more *loyal* and *dutiful Address*, or one, that contained more Truths, tending to the *Honour* and *Dignity* of the PRINCE, and the *good Government* of the PEOPLE; every  
Thing



Thing respecting which, is with you, and every other *Place-hunter*, *Insolence* and *Disloyalty* to Majesty! His stating the Arguments between *Britain* and *Ireland*, with Respect to the Freedom and Independency of the latter, on the *Legislature* of the former, though you once, to my Knowledge, adopted and avowed the same Principles, you now pervert, to a monstrous Attempt to breed a destructive Jealousy between the two Nations! And his instructing his uninformed Brethren and Friends in the Principles of the Constitution of his City and Country, all founded on incontestible Evidence; and which, you once openly approved; You now construe, imposing upon his deluded Brethren, by false, or misrepresented Relation of *Facts*. And, if setting forth the Grievances of the City and Nation, in his Manner, proceeds, as you would insinuate, from his excessive *Vanity* and *Ostentation*, you had better been silent; for had there not been Men of your Stamp in the World before now, he would have had no Cause to complain; and if I know him, nothing can add more Fuel to the Flame of his Pride and Ambition, than being opposed by such, as you. Why Man, he tells them daily in the Halls, who must be averse to him. He says, “there are many *Boards*, as well, as the *Board* of *Aldermen*, that require being looked into. If the Members that compose them be *corrupt*; if they lavish the public Treasure, bestowing it on *Slaves* and *Mercenaries*; if there be any, who amass ministerial Fortunes out of Places of forty or fifty Pounds a Year Salary; if there be any unjust Judges, or Justices, who abuse the Subject; and prostitute Law and Justice; if there be any *Mock-Patriots*, who have for a while opposed the Ministry, to shew their Power, and make known their Price; and having got it, or been promised it, have run counter to all their former Principles and done all the dirty Work offered them; such must be against any free Spirit's getting into Parliament, well knowing, their past and future Conduct could not stand the Test of a Parliamentary Enquiry.”——Now, my angry Tony, look into your self; see under which of these Denominations you fall, and judge, whether your Opposition, and your scurrilous Abuse of this little, dirty, vile Apothecary, whom, though one of the Under-Spur-Leathers of Physic, you dare not face openly, in Consultation, or in the Field; will not entirely undo the Remnant of your sinking Credit, and raise his Fame, and gratify his Pride, with a Seat in Parliament. Then poor Dick, what will become of you?——The 500 l. now past and gone, will be brought to Light. The striving for the Place of Collector of Cork will be discovered. And you will never be brought

into the *Consultation* again! Your being a *Foot-man*, or *Bastard*, or a legitimate *Descendant*, to the late Lord chief Justice Cox, will then give you no *Privilege*; every *Creditor* will have a *Pluck* at you. The *beggared* Children of the deceased *Inn-keeper* will sue you for what you owe their *Father*; the *Linen-Board* will not be able to support you; even, *all-powerful Tar-Water* will fail you. Alas! poor *Anthony-Dick*! in what *Part of Blarney*, will your *Worship* then find an *Affylum*! For, you have made no *Friend* of the *Mammon* of *Unrighteousness*, that would give you a *Meal's Meat*, or a *Night's Lodging*!

WELL! now let us examine how you set forth the *Allegiance* and *Loyalty* of this little *Apothecary*, this most vile *Incendiary*, as you are, genteely, as truly, pleased to call him.

YOU are pleased to tell Us, in the 7th Page of the first Number of your infallible ANTIDOTE, “that this audacious Incendiary, presumed to present a Remonstrance, to his MAJESTY (dreadful Disloyalty!) under the spacious Title of a Dedication, (rank Treason, to be sure!) not in a private, modest Manner, (over a Cup of mild Ale and a Cast of Oysters at the Piazzas,) but in a pompous, ostentatious Way, on the very Day too, on which his MAJESTY was to receive, the Compliments of the NOBILITY and GENTRY, upon his happy Accession to the Throne; (a dangerous open Assault upon Majesty!) and then, to present this affrontive, vile Piece, to the LORDS JUSTICES, in the most public and solemn Manner, and in the KING's own House.—A Piece, if not containing rank Treason, surely, containing Words, as near Treason, as Words can be.—Matchless Insolence!”

FRIEND Tony, is no Man to approach the Throne, but Nobility and Gentry, or Cork Surgeons? What greater Compliment could be paid the King, by any Subject, or on any solemn Festival, than presenting him with a most plain, honest Narrative of the State of his Subjects? Then, offering it in the King's own House, to the Lords Justices, was a Crime! Would you have HIS MAJESTY, or their EXCELLENCIES come to this vile Apothecary's own House to receive it? Or, to whom, or where would you have it presented? O! Tony-Dick, will you never give over your Blustering and Non-Sense? poor, enraged bigotted Slave! What have you now in your Eye?—Any Thing: For, indeed, you are not proud, however truly vain you may appear.

BUT, say you, let the Work speak for it self.—E'en so let it, good Man Tony.

IN the 20th Page of that vile, wicked Incendiary, Rebel and Traitor, CHARLES LUCAS's Dedication to his MAJESTY, you

you may find these Words; “ With Regard to this Kingdom, the Parliament of *England*, have, for some Time, treated it no better, than if it were a *conquered Province*, or a *dependent Colony*. These Parliaments have been for the most Part, active; and made their oppressive, their iniquitous Incroachments, while the Parliaments of *Ireland* were shamefully passive, and most perfidiously yielding.”

Now, says *Dick*, “ what Language is this to Majesty !”

—Ay, what indeed? say I.—It is such, as you never dared to utter, *the Words of Truth and Soberness*. And, in Spight to your Malevolence, does not include, or, so much, as glance at, the present King, or Parliaments of these Nations. Now, pull up your *Britches*, call all your *Malignity* and *Choler* to your detestable furious Face, and bespatter all your *Venom* with your *foul Tongue*, and *fetid, tainted and tainting Breath*, and yet, you will find, that your own Words, contain *Lucas's* Assertions, and his Vindication; which you know, and have often confessed, to be true; that the King of England, as the first Estate in Parliament, has made oppressive and iniquitous Incroachments, on the King and Parliaments, and on the whole People of Ireland, and that the King and Parliaments of Ireland have been shamefully passive, and most perfidiously yielding.—Now, shew a Reign, beyond that of the present King, as far back, as *Henry the VIII's*, in which this has not been, in some Degree, verified, if you can. And exert the utmost Force of your Sophistry, to bring it to the present Time, if you can. Both are equally impossible. If then, *such Incroachments* have been made, as every sensible Man, whose Conscience is not become callous, with repeated Transgressions, or whose Senses have not been dosed with *received, or promised Bribes, or Places*; must confess; they are *equally dangerous and destructive* to the KING and PEOPLE, which, however you may be taught to speak, you must acknowledge, with the *now-hated Lucas*, “ that no loyal Subject, no honest Man, can behold such fatal Incroachments, without Anxiety, for the Breaches made in the Constitution, and for the Honour and Dignity of the Crown and the good Government of the People; without Indignation, at the Infringers and Violaters of this happy System of Government; and, without Horror, for the Consequences to be expected.—How much happier you happen to be in your next *criminating Quotation* of *Lucas*, I leave to your own rancourous Breast.—“ I am ready to go farther, when I am honoured with your ROYAL COUNTEenance.” What is this less, than the most profound Respect, the most dutiful Submission to Majesty?—But, with *Doctor Dick*,  
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the sanguinary Surgeon, it is *Assurance*, *Impudence*, *daring Affront* and *Insolence*, nay rank *Treason* and *wild Rebellion* ! Well play'd, my little Tony ! kill the Collector of Cork, or Baltimore, and your Work is done to be sure. In the mean Time, you may have the first vacant *Excise-man's Place*, or *Hearth-money Collection*.

BUT, you have not done with *this vile Apothecary* yet ; you offer, nay, you promise to spill his Blood. And, you shew, that you want but two Means, to perpetrate the Crime ; *Strength* and *Courage* to do it openly ; and an *hireling Ruffian* to assassinate him privately. And who can blame you ? The Fellow stands in your Way, and will probably, if you permit him to live, spoil your Sport and your Market, in the next Consultation.

YOU say, Doctor, he denounces open War against the King ; and you prove it too, as well, as you have done your former Assertions, by the following Quotations ;

LUCAS's *Dedication*, Page 40, " If any of the Subjects have Cause, they have the undoubted Privilege to complain, and an equal Right to be hear'd. And, till their Grievances are justly and legally redress'd, or put into a legal Method of Redress ; the Government is in that Instance, actually suspended ; consequently weaken'd and endanger'd. And there cannot be a perfect Restoration, till a full and perfect Redress of Grievances be effected."

" Some then of your Majesty's Subjects have Cause, do complain ; but, are neither properly heard, nor, in any Measure, redressed, by the subordinate Administration. The ghastly, the deadly Wound now lies open and bleeding ! IT IS YOURS ALONE, GREAT SIR, to apply the comforting, the healing Balm."

Now, you, very honestly, desire the Reader to observe, that for this, the Incendiary quoted MAGNA CHARTA, the Observance of which, in Lucas, is a Declaration of War ! Nothing less ! Clear Reasoning for a Pensioner, or Place-hunting Surgeon ! But, dear Doctor, why had not you the Sense to leave out those plaguy civil, loyal Words ? " The ghastly, the deadly Wound now lies open and bleeding ! IT IS YOURS ALONE, GREAT SIR, to apply the comforting, the healing Balm." Indeed, they undo your whole Cause. O ! for Shame ! you little blundering Rogue, of near six Feet high !

YOU are not less unhappy in your next Attempt, to blast this Incendiary : For, you take your Quotation, from his second Address, falsely, or from an incorrect Impression. For every one may see, that what you except against, is cleared

cleared up, by the Word JUST. So, that instead of, *on any Emergency*, you must read, when you are inclined to Truth and Justice, ON ANY JUST EMERGENCY. So, now read it again, hold your Tongue, and burst with Spleen and Rancour.

NOW, good DOCTOR ANTHONY, or SIR RICHARD LITTEN, *Bart. and Surgeon*, shall I make a *Parody* on your, I CHARLES MASSINELLO, &c. You know I could; but I won't at present. Go get yourself *bucked* under 'Squire ----'s Directions, in the *Bleach Yard*. Come, once in your Life, with a *clean* Heart and Hands to Town, and the *little, vile Apothecary* may help to bring the *little Surgeon* into honest and decent Practice and some Repute.

Is any of the rest of the Venom, you so feebly spit, that it visibly dribbles down your own *excoriated*, or galled Chin, worth our Animadversions? Hardly indeed. But, I must see you out, my *old Buck*.

I SHALL slightly pass over, as unworthy of all Men's Notice, your silly Animadversion upon the CENSOR's Remark "of our being stripped of our *Woollen Trade*, by an *English Act of Parlemt*, and being allowed only the Benefit of another *Branch*, in which we have many *favourite foreign*, as well as *British* Competitors." You know, that there is scarce a Port in the North, that does not send Linen to *England*; that large Quantities are sent from our *dear, favourite Friends* and *trusty Allies*, the *Dutch*, as well as from *Bremen* and *Verden*. And that, if we could get a *Duty* laid, on these Imports, we need not burden the *British* Establishment with a *Bounty* upon the *Irish Exports*: This is what our *learned Surgeon* calls a *false, malicious, and traitorous Insinuation*, p. 10! From this, judge of the rest of his Sense, Truth and Candour.

MY *masked Surgeon's* sliding Remark upon the CENSOR's Answer to that *infallible Flatterer*, the *Philippic Orator* and *Apellant*, who vainly boasts of his Pedigree, tho' it is uncertain whether he is descended from *Fitz-Henery*, the *Irish Justiciar*, or a *Pander* of that Name; I must pass over in Silence, till we see the *Falseness of the Tract*, as you, *learnedly* and *elegantly*, call it, *exposed*, as you promise.

THE rest of the 11th page of your *Antidote*, is made up of *Ribaldry* truly worthy of your *Blarney Warsbip*. You ask the *Electors* of *Dublin*, can they think of returning a Member, that must be EXPELLED, the instant he takes his Place? This is the most daring instance of *Prejudgment*, and abuse of the HOUSE of COMMONS, that ever escaped the Lips of a *Slave*. How dare any Man, make so free with  
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so great and so august a Body, as an Assembly of the REPRESENTATIVES of the Nation? Did you vain babbling Brawler! think it was composed of such as you? If it were, it would be a *disgrace* to be permitted to sit there, and of Course an *Honour* to be expelled. But, in spite to you, and your *Masters*, that HOUSE will ever pay the due Regard to *Virtue*, to *Liberty*, to *true Loyalty* and *Patriotism*; they will consider, how *Sacred* Elections are, and pay due Regard to FREE and INDEPENDENT ELECTORS; they must see, what you are blind to; that this *vile Incendiary* of yours, has raised the true Spirit of *Liberty*, has stirred up a sense of true *Loyalty*, has made the necessary *Character* and *Qualifications* of a *Member of Parliament*, and the just *Principles* of *Election* fully known, has, (saving your *Worship's* Presence,) exposed many *crafty Knaves* and *Enemies* to the *Public Liberties*; for this your rancorous Heart detests him! No wonder: He is in all Respects a *Contrast* to you. If he lives, you and your *Fellows* are undone. You can not be blamed for opposing him, while you continue what you now appear. O! rare *Cork Surgeon*! O! poor *Anthony*, is your Name DICK?

ONE piece of Honesty has, by Accident, in p. 12. escaped my Friend, the *Surgeon*: You bid the Citizens, “*judge of this Man, by his Conduct, as a Member of your Society.*” He never ask’d them a higher Favour, that I could learn. Your Consequent Animadversions on the *Opinions* of the *Lawyers*, and the *Judgement* of the *Courts*, is all your own. But, p. 13. you come to shew your self again, and give us a good Opinion of your *Masters*.—— You wisely ask, “*Can you imagine, that the Crown would not confine the Government of the City, for the sake of Order, even more, than it is now confined, if you were to be reincorporated?*” I answer you, BRIARIUS, the *Crown*, that is, the PRESENT KING or his *Ministry*, neither would, nor could confine us more, nor as much, as we are now confined. And, if he could; We are not like some *cast Prostitutes*, that have out-lived themselves, and would yet rather drag on a hateful Life, *incurably dis-tempered*, in *Chains*, *Severitude* and *Wretchedness*, than come to a *decent Dissolution*. If you had been of our Mind, you would have practis’d Surgery on your *Jugulars*, not *temporal Arteries*, before you *cheated* your *prime Patient*; *duped* your principal *Friends* and *Employers*; *disappointed* even your *Bribers*; *robbed* all your *Creditors*, even your poor *Chairmen*, whom you *bilqued* at the *Groom-Porters*; and though one of them followed you, to *Cork*, to *Bandon*,  
 &c.



*Ec. Ec.* left them unpaid to this Day. After this, you had better have died decently, even by the hand of the *Hang-man*, in *Cork*, than *outlive* Friends, Fame, Shame, Credit and Reputation.

YOUR attempt upon Wit and Humour and your Progress in Scurrility, in the remainder of this your first *infallible Antidote*, is sufficiently exposed by reading, without my help.

I SHALL therefore take leave of you, for the present. And now, my *Grub-Street Orator*, my *ministerial Antidotarian*, expect that I shall hereafter haunt you, worse than your *Grand-Father's Ghost*, like your *Guilty Conscience*, till I see in you, some marks of Reformation, Shame, or that *Hypocrisy*, under whose Veil, you have sometime pass'd with Respect thro' Life: For, not only your *public Writings*, but your *whole Life* and *Actions*, shall be set forth, and the Malignity of your Intentions made manifest, by some of your *own Original Letters*, now in my hands. I will watch you narrowly, if you appear in the *Consultation*, and bring all your *Male-practices*, all your *soul Misdeeds* to Light.

To be sure you think, the *old leaven* so prevalent here, that you will be caressed in *Dublin*, whose *Citizens* and best *Inhabitants* are with you a *rude Faction*, a *base Rabble*, a *tumultuous Mob*! — I'll tell you for your Comfort, who are of your side. You have all the *Laurel-men* and their *non-reformed Descendents*. The *old Sluggish Drones* among the *Clergy*, who once most heartily hated you, now buy and disperse your *Antidotes*, more zealously, than ever they did *Sermons*, *Catechisms*, or *Testaments*. You are now deemed a *true Son* of the *high Church*. The *gashly, meagre, malignant, Priest* *Vestib* of *St. Catherine's*, daily reads your Works and blesses you in the *Vestry* and in the *Desk*, in the *Ale-House* and *Brandy-Shop*. And that *prim, prating, mercenary Partisan*, the *canting Priest* *Wybrants* of *St. Audeon's*, who refuses to pray for any, but those who pay him, is as lavish of *Prayers* and *Praises* on you, as of *bitter Curses*, *Scandal* and *Detraction* on *Lucas*. You have sixteen or seventeen *Aldermen* of your side, who, if they would fight for any Body, it should be for you. But, though their *chief Bully* be *pad-locked* for the present; they have got some *pot-valiant Militia Officers*, of which they could *cull out a few Pairs*, that would, about *Mid night*, attack any *single Man*, that did not seem to have much the *Appearance* of *Strength*, or *Vigour*. — By these, you may, at a *Beck*, get *Lucas* inveigled into an *Ale-House*, or assassinated, in the *Night*. Then, to shew how high your *Fame* and *Credit* is rising, since you commenc'd an *Antidotarian*, your old withered, *choleric Friend*, the *Shoe-boy*, now commonly called, '*Squire Hutchison*, forgives you

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all, you have long owed him for cleaning your *Worship's Shoes*, and other *Dirty Work*, and swears you are become an *Orator*, an *Oracle* and a *Patriot*, since you turned to the *Right Side*, that is, to *Sir Con's Side* of the Question. And the *little black Jobber* in Corporations, exults mightily, since you have commenc'd a *Writer* against your *King* and *Country*; and assures the *Aldermen*, he wants nothing, but your coming to *Town* to turn the *Balance* in favour of the *Board*; and swears bloodily, "ADDAD! ADDAD, as soon, as our trusty Friend, DOCTOR ANTHONY, comes to the Consultation; addad! addad! SIRs, we will have this sad Fellow, this vile Incendiary, this Lucas, put out of the way, by some means, or other; addad! addad! at the worst, we shall have him taken up, and put into New-Gate." He, and 'Squire *Hutchison* swear, that if he, *Lucas*, were elected by the unanimous Voice of the whole Kingdom, he shall not be permitted to disturb your Peace in the *House*. See, how strong you are! You need not fear a *Mob* of *Merchants*, *Weavers*, &c.

Now, you see what you have to trust to; write on and compleat your *Condemnation*, to which, I am and ever will be,

*Your most watchful Attendant,*

*and diligent Assistant,*

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Patrick's Street,  
Spt. 15th, 1749.

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